

EVENTS OF INTEREST
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page Bespeak the Woman—Let It Be a Help to Those Who Desire Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above all Let It Be a Friend to Every Woman

DOMESTIC HELPS AND
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

Every Woman Should Know

There are three entirely different kinds of baking powder, namely:

- (1) Cream of tartar, derived from grapes;
- (2) Alum, a mineral acid; and
- (3) Phosphate of Lime.

(1) Baking Powders made of Cream of Tartar add to the food the same healthful qualities that exist in the ripe grapes from which Cream of Tartar is derived.

(2) Baking Powders made of Alum add to the food some form of Alum or Aluminum, a heavy metal, wholly foreign to any natural article of food.

(3) Phosphate of Lime is made from rock or by burning bones which by chemical action are changed into a white, powdered acid. It is used in baking powder only because it is a cheaper substitute.

A Cream of Tartar powder never contains Alum or Phosphate.

Every housekeeper should read the names of the ingredients printed on the label and know what she is using.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
New York

TODAY'S POEM

SEA FEVER.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's shake,
And the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face,
And a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume,
And the sea's gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a white-gannet's wings,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trickles over.

—John Masfield.

MOTHER'S DAY

One of the picturesque observances of modern life has been the newly celebrated Mother's day. To marry

people who are strong on common sense it has seemed mushy sentimentalism. Yet the millions of people who wear carnations for this event is a suggestion that there is too little sentiment for the mothers rather than too much.

Mother's benefactions, like the blessings of the rain and the sun, largely pass unnoticed. The children regard it as something to which they have a right, and hence feel no particular gratitude for it.

In the home of the middle class people, where there is much to be done, the maternal activities are apt to be prolonged too far into elderly life. Mothers want their children to have a good time, and are apt to mend and sew and keep house while the young folks are flirting and frolicking. Neglect of that kind is always paid for by the regrets of after years.

JACKSON ESTATE IS \$3,500 ACCORDING TO FILED INVENTORY

An inventory of the estate of Laura M. Jackson of 200 Newfield avenue, widow of Charles Jackson shows \$3,500 according to the return of the appraiser filed in the probate court yesterday. Mrs. Jackson had an interest in a parcel of real estate in New Bedford. She had cash in savings banks in this city and in New Bedford valued at \$3,503.56; also one share of stock in the First-Brigade National bank.

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS
JOHN RECK & SONEasy & Practical
Home Dress Making
LessonsPrepared Especially For This Newspaper
by Pictorial Review

OVERBLOUSE FROCK IN LINEN

At this season most of the dresses that are shown for children are of tub variety, and they are practical as well as smart. A novelty indeed is this overblouse frock in blue and white linen, the foundation being in white and the overblouse in Wedgwood blue. A glimpse of sheer lawn is also worn with the dress, which is pretty carried out entirely in lawn and in one color. For a girl of average size the design calls for 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material, with 1 1/2 yard of 36-inch lawn for the guimpe.

The skirt and the overblouse are cut from a fold of the wider material, the overblouse back and overblouse front being arranged on a lengthwise fold. The skirtband, belt and pocket sections are laid on a lengthwise thread. If narrow material is employed in the development of the frock it will be necessary to cut the skirt and overblouse sections from an open fold of the goods and use pleatings.

Now fold the lawn and along the fold place the front collar and cuff. To the extreme left of the lawn a few inches from the edge put into position the sleeve, and to the right of the sleeve place the back. For the open neck cut out the guimpe on small "o" perforations. For the square collar cut off front and lower edges of round collar on small "o" perforations.

Quite as desirable a finish as the cord for drawing in the fullness of the overblouse is a straight belt, dropped to the normal waist-line and fitted with change pockets on either side.

In carrying out the frock in dressier materials embroidery or braid may be added to the front below the neck.



Pictorial Review Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Price, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

MODISH FROCK
WITH A NEW
DOUBLE SKIRT

AFTERNOON GOWN

Many new factors enter into the making of this modish frock. First the three decked vest, then the new and chic belt and next the double skirt, with its double ruffles upon the upper and lower skirt impartially. A turnover collar meets the middle vest quite subtly.

CORNER FOR COOKS

Rhubarb Ice Cream.
Cut up enough rhubarb, without peeling, to make three pints. Put into a preserving kettle, add a pinch of salt, and just enough cold water to cover. Steam until tender, add a pound of sugar, stir until dissolved and strain through a fine sieve. When nearly cold, add one pint of cream and more sugar, if needed, and freeze.

Rhubarb Conserve.
To each pint of fresh rhubarb, peeled and cut into small pieces, add one cup of brown sugar, and let it stand for two hours. Add one-half cup of seeded raisins and the juice of one lemon. Cook this slowly until the desired consistency is obtained. Place two young sweet or rose geranium leaves in the bottom of the tumbler and pour the hot conserve over them. This gives a very aromatic and pleasing flavor.

Rhubarb Canned With Sugar.
Wash carefully rhubarb that is tender, but do not peel it, as the pink skin makes the canned fruit a beautiful color. Cut into inch pieces and measure. For every three quarts, of the sliced rhubarb allow three cups of sugar and one cup of water. Dissolve the sugar in the water, add the fruit and simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Have ready sterilized jars with new rubbers and air-tight tops. Fill to overflowing with the boiling fruit, and screw as tightly as possible. After several hours, when the fruit has cooled, the top can be screwed tighter again. A few raisins may be added when first put on to cook.

Rhubarb Fudding.
Take two cups of flour, two table-spoonsful of butter, or butter and lard mixed, a pinch of salt, one tea-spoonful of baking powder, and a scant one-half cup of milk. Take a small portion of dough and roll out thin. Have the rhubarb washed and cut in fine pieces, fill the center of the rolled dough with rhubarb, cover with sugar, place a small piece of butter on the sugar and roll. Continue until all the dough is used. Place in a pan, cover with one cup of sugar, a table-spoonful of flour and bits of butter. Pour over the two cups of water. Bake in the oven.

Rhubarb Dainty.
Cut the rhubarb in small pieces. Boil for ten minutes and put enough sugar in it to make it sweet. After it has been boiled for ten minutes take the juice from it in a separate pan and put a few drops of strawberry juice in it. Put in one-fourth cup of cornstarch and one-half cup of sugar or more, if not sweet enough. Then boil for five minutes. When cool and ready to serve, put one tea-spoonful of sugar and as much milk as you wish.

The dumb, delightful
DUCHESS
The coffee that lingers the night
about.

Van Dyke
1135 MAIN ST.
COR. ELM ST.
PHONE 1367-6

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

HEART TOPICS

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ARE WIVES ENTITLED TO
WHAT THEY CAN SAVE?

"He that holds fast the golden mean
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor
Nor plague that haunts the rich man's door,
Embitting all his state."

What man who has to work hard for his money does not think it is the duty of his wife to pinch every penny so hard that it is nearly worn through ere she parts with it, even for things which are most useful?

Few workmen hand their wage over to their wives without knowing pretty well where every dime is going. Not that they are inclined to be close or hard-headed, but they want to feel that most blessed of assurances—that they are not living beyond their means and getting head over heels in debt before they realize it.

No matter how closely a man may figure, a saving wife is often able to do still better with the money in her hand. She does her own marketing and buys frugally, instead of giving orders to the smiling grocer's clerk who comes to the door, as does the neighbor across the way, whose husband is always in hot water as to how to make both ends meet. The frugal woman doesn't fail to running over the beggar's basket who calls every day for the left-overs. It's the left-overs that count with the thrifty wife.

An such a wife carry the saving habit too far? Is she so miserly that she works hard, she feels faint when noon comes. If she cuts herself a generous slice of meat from the left-over roast the night before, there would not be enough to eat out the supper and have hash for breakfast. So she goes without meat for luncheon. The same reason holds good for potatoes. Eggs are too costly a meal with just bread and butter amounts up to astonishing figures at the end of the month. She cuts out luncheon, smiles as she puts away the 15 cents which was laid aside for her luncheon money. Four-fifty amounts to a day at the end of the month. Five cents a day her husband allowed to give as what would be required to bring back a heavy market basket from the place she traded to where she lived. She walks, carrying the big load; her arms ache, but she has saved \$1.50 the month. She carries out her idea of allowing the landlord one dark room of her flat to store awnings, which cuts off \$5 per month for her rent. She shares the evening paper with the family across the way, saving \$1 a month and not missing anything worth noting about. She makes her husband's shirts so carefully and well that he does not hesitate to give her \$1 a piece, thinking they are store bought. In reality, 30 cents each cover their material. He wonders why they last so much longer and look so much better. If at the end of the year the wife is able to show up to him a bank account amounting to a goodly sum of these small items, should he feel aggrieved if she does not turn over one-half to him? A right-minded man would know that he is not entitled to what she had pinched and gone without to have. He takes it from her makes a mistake. That wife has no incentive after to try to save again.

MISS LIBBY'S REPLIES
TO YOUR LETTERS

Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, on one side of paper only. Address Miss Libby, 916 President street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IF ORPHAN'S STEP-MOTHER MARRIES

Dear Miss Libby:—
I am thirteen and am learning dressmaking. Mother is dead and I have a step-mother. She always talks of marriage. I wonder what that means, if it is true or not. Give me advice. What is to become of me?

F. S.

It is wise of you to learn dressmaking. This you can depend on later, and be independent. If your step-mother marries, and you are a dressmaker, you will not have to face the cold world. All girls unprovided for should learn of something that will be of support to them if they are in need.

GLAD TO MAKE UP

Dear Miss Libby:—
I am a girl of eighteen. I have a boy friend, yet we are on the outs. Six years ago we were schoolmates; he lives next door. I love him dearly. We fell out over a small affair. Do not speak to each other. He told me he loved me. I talked to him once; he answered. Did not talk to me any more. Often he looks at me. I would like to be good friends with him. Is it proper to talk to him now? Or write him a letter, telling him I would gladly make up? Your reader.

F. P.

Do not put yourself in his way. His love has changed. In the future you may meet and become good friends. It is his place to speak first to you. It is not wise to think of writing him a letter. This would show anxiety. All is well that ends well.

HOW TO REGAIN HER LOVE

Dear Miss Libby:—
I was in love with a girl of nineteen years for one year. Lately we had a quarrel. Please advise me what to do. I have one of her rings. I

passed her on the street and hid her the time, but she does not return it. Please advise me what to do to regain her love.

H. H.

The course of true love seldom runs smooth. Lovers find a way to make up their quarrels. No one can tell better than they how to regain love. Continue to speak politely if she looks your way.

HAVE KNOWN EACH
OTHER FOR YEARS

Dear Miss Libby:—
I have taken much interest in reading your heart topics. I ask your advice. I am much interested in a young lady. We are well acquainted; known each other for several years. I seldom have a chance to speak to her. Should I write to her asking her to go to some entertainment? What do you advise?

L. J.

It would be permissible to write, and ask her if she would like to attend an entertainment with you. As you are well acquainted, and seldom have a chance to speak to her, I think it a worthy way to give her an evening of pleasure.

POWDER ON HER NOSE.

A girl feels bad, a trifle sad.
Then what do you suppose?
She takes her bag, extracts a rag
And powders up her nose.

Sure cure, by jingo, for everything!
If she has ragged nose,
Or looks a fright, she makes things right
With powder on her nose.

When things go wrong she plods along,
Assumes no downcast pose.
From care she's free so long as she
Has powder on her nose.

SEATTLE PREPARES FOR
BRIDGEPORT SHINERS

Seattle, Wash., May 5.—Pyramid Temple, of Bridgeport, has been assigned to headquarters in the Assembly Hotel, according to an announcement made yesterday by the executive committee of Nile Temple. Nobles of the Hyatt Shrine in charge of arrangements for the Imperial Council session here in July.

Our Store News
In Rhyme

You can talk of "Billy"
Sunday,
You can talk of "Fighting
Jesse,"
But there's no sensation
equal
To ROCKWELL'S Cor-
rect Dress.

There's the Goline Cord
Coat, for outing
The new Spiral Skirt after
Worth,
And we're proud to say
these Models
Are American by birth.

There are evening gowns
a-plenty,
There are pretty Waists
galore;
There is satisfaction guar-
anteed
In this Model Ladies'
Store.

Then, all roads lead to
ROCKWELL'S,
With courtesy assured,
By pretty first class sales la-
dies,
By ideal conditions lured.

OUR SUIT SALE CON-
TINUES ALL THIS
WEEK

Rockwell & Co.
1108 MAIN STREET
BRIDGEPORT

ENTIRE WEEK
WHO IS YOUR SHOE
MAN?

TRY
J. SAMUELS CO.
1127 MAIN ST.

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND
BOUQUETS
JOHN RECK & SON
Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word.

A FOOL AND HIS
MONEYBY GEORGE BARR
MCUTCHEON.

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(Continued.)

"He's a gentleman, and that's more than you can say for the tagrag of nobility that paid court to Aline Tarnowsky. He was in love with her, but he was a gentleman about it. A thoroughbred, I say."

"Good looking?" I inquired.

"Well, rather—the sort of chap women rave about. Ask Betty. She was mad about him, but he couldn't see anything in her. I think she hates him now. He had eyes for no one but the fair countess. An awful grind on Betty. She's used to something different. Hazzard studied the clouds that drifted over our heads. 'I wonder if Aline cared anything for him.'"

"I've always believed that she liked him better than she cared to admit even to herself."

"I fancy he'll not let any grass grow under his feet now that she's free," said Dr. Hazzard.

"Think she'll have him?"
"By no means. It was a much better position in England than Tarnowsky has here, and he's not after her money. I hate to say it, but Aline is a seeker after titles. She wouldn't be averse to adding 'your ladyship' to her collection."

"Oh, come!" I protested. "That is a nasty thing to say, George."

"She may have been regenerated," he said obligingly. "You know her better than I do, old chap. What say?"

"I thought you did."

I hesitated a moment and then purged myself of the truth. "As a matter of fact, I have reason to believe she's in love with Amberdale and has been for a long time. I'm not saying it in disparagement, believe me. God knows she's entitled to something decent and fine in the shape of love. I hope he's good enough for her."

"They looked at me with interest, and Smith broke the momentary silence."

"Oh, he's good enough for her," he said, with a queer smile.

"I'm glad of that," I said gruffly. "The old lad—I mean Mrs. Titus—will be tickled to death if the match is pulled off," said Hazzard.

"We've tickled the first time," said I sententiously, and changed the subject. There was no sense in prolonging the agony.

Toward the close of their visit a message arrived from the countess herself, signed with the fictitious name we had agreed upon. The news she gave caused us to celebrate that night. We had a bonfire in the courtyard and drank to the god of good luck.

Large safely landed in New York and forwarded to the Adirondacks for storage and to await the appearance of a claimant. Former owner has agreed to accept \$150,000 and release all claims. When are you coming over?

By the most extraordinary coincidence a curt, businesslike letter arrived in the evening post from Mrs. Tarnowsky postmarked Paris. Its contents staggered me.

John Tellyn Smart, Esq.,
Dear Mr. Smart: Will you put a price on Schloss Rothboffen? I am desirous of purchasing the castle if you care to sell and we agree upon a fair price for the property. Sentiment moves me in this matter, and I earnestly hope that you may be induced to part with your white elephant. If you will be so kind as to wire your decision, you will find me deeply grateful and at the Ritz for the ensuing fortnight.

Faithfully yours,
MARIE TARNOWSKY.

My "white elephant!" I was so eager to get rid of it that I would have wired at once, naming a figure proportionately low had it not been for the united protests of my four friends and the canny advice of Mr. Poopendyke.

"Soak him!" said he, and I arose to the occasion.

I waited for three days and then telegraphed him that I would not take a dollar less than \$250,000, more than doubling the price I had paid for the property. I was prepared, however, to come down a paltry hundred thousand or so if he revealed signs of reluctance.

We built another bonfire that night and danced around it like so many savages.

eager to get rid of the castle at any price, I did not relish the thought of being laughed at for a fool by Marie Tarnowsky after he had laid his greedy hands upon treasure that had been mine without my knowledge.

He was no fool. The castle meant nothing to him as a home or as an investment. No doubt he would blow it to pieces in order to unearth the thing he knew its walls secreted.

We spent two unprofitable days in going over the place, and in the end sank down tired, defeated and without the slightest evidence in our possession that so much as a half crown lay hidden there as treasure trove. I gave in and announced that if Tarnowsky could find anything worth having he was entitled to it so far as I was concerned, and I wouldn't begrudge him a turn-of-his-wait.

He telegraphed that he would arrive on the morning of the third day, accompanied by his lawyer, a notary and an architect. My four guests departed in haste by the late night train after extracting a promise from me to join them in Vienna when I was no longer the master of Schloss Rothboffen. I rather relished the thought of a brief vacation.

Then, like the spider, I crept back into my web and waited for the foolish fly, knowing all the time that he would have the better of me in the long run.

I confess to a feeling of sadness in parting with the place, after all the planning though it was in every sense of the word. Within its gray and ancient walls that beautiful thing called love had come to me to live with me forever. It had come unbidden, against my will, against my better judgment and in spite of my prejudices, but still it was a thing to cherish and to hold in its virgin youth all through the long years to come. It would always be young and sweet and rose colored, this unrequited love of mine. Walking through the empty, dismantled rooms that had once been hers, I grew sick with longing and in something like fear fed downward, absurd tears blinding my eyes. Verily, I was a fool—a monstrous, silly fool!

Tarnowsky was as bland and smiling as a May morning as he came jauntily down the great hall to where I awaited him.

"I am here, incognito, my dear Smart," he said, extending his gloved hand, which I took perforce. "Sub rosa, you might say," he went on, with a wry smile. "A stupid, uncharitable empire has designs upon me, perfunctorily perhaps, but it's just as well not to stir up the monkeys, as you Americans would put it."

"Our late friend, the baron, was not totally without friends, I take it," said I dryly.

He made a grimace. "Nor enemies," he declared. "Brave men usually have more enemies than friends, and he was a brave man, a truly brave man. Because he was a brave man I have no feeling of regret over the outcome of our—or—meeting. It is no honor to kill a coward, Mr. Smart."

He introduced his three companions. I was surprised to see that the lawyer was not the fawning Schymansky and later on inquired for him. Tarnowsky laughed. "Poor old Schymansky! He is in prison."

"Ah! I am not surprised," said I. "He was my second, poor chap. It did not occur to me to run away after the—or—deal. They had to make an example of some one. His trial comes up next week. I am afraid he may be dealt with rather harshly. I miss him dreadfully. But let us come to the matter in hand, Mr. Smart. I desire your time is valuable. You have no objection to my going over the place with Mr. Saks, I am sure. He is the architect who is to rebuild the castle for me. My attorney and Mr. Pooley, the notary, will, with your assistance, draw up the proper contracts preliminary to the formal transfer, and I will sign them with you upon my return."

(Continued.)

Bank Commissioner Thorndike of Massachusetts, issued a call for the condition of Massachusetts trust companies as of May 1.

PROFIT

He Who Profits Most
Serves Best.

TRY OUR SERVICE
J. SAMUELS CO.

1127 MAIN ST.